VISIT…

MARVEL
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SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF
CLIVE BARKER
SAINT SINNER
YOU SAY YOU WANT
EVOLUTION
DIRECT EDITION
OBI

POSSESSED BY TWO ENTITIES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE BOY PHILIP FETTER MUST NOW EXIST IN THAT SMALL SPACE BETWEEN THEM, AS A MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK; GOOD AND EVIL. HE'S GAINED INCREDIBLE POWER, AT THE COST OF HIS YOUTH, HIS LIFE, AND HIS VERY SANITY.

THROUGH A DOOR BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, ENCASED IN A BOX OF METAL AND GLASS, WE FLY... MY THREE SELVES, AND THE SUFFERING HANDFUL OF HUMANS WHO CALLED US!
THE GATE!
THAT CALLING NEARLY KILLED THE HUMAN BODY -- THE BODY THAT ONCE WAS PHILIP FETTER ALONE -- THE PRAYERS OF THESE HUMANS HALTING ME IN MY DESPERATE JOURNEY TO THE VERTESQUE!
THE VERTESQUE! GREEN DIMENSION! MY TIME-OUT-OF-TIMELESS-HOME! I MUST GET THERE SOON, OR THIS BODY WILL DIE, RELEASING THE DEMON TO WREAK HIS HAVOC ON EARTH!
MY BABY! MY CHILD! I PRAY TO YOU, SAINT SINNER! SAVE HER! PLEASE!
THE MAN, THIS CAB'S OWNER, PRAYS ON! HIS PRAYER MADE MORE POTENT BY THE STRENGTH OF HIS GRIEF, POUNDS ON THE WALL OF MY BRAIN!
ONCE MY BODY'S SAFE, I WILL ANSWER THAT PRAYER... CONTINUE MY MISSION TO FIND HIS WOUNDED CHILD... A CHILD WHO, ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE I SAW VANISH INTO THIN AIR!
CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS. . .
THE CHILD STEALER
PART II
CLIVE BARKER • CREATOR
ELAINE LEE • STORY
LARRY BROWN • PENCILS
BRYANT & MORRISSETTE • INKS
MARIA WOZNIAK • COLORS
JANICE CHIANG • LETTERS
MALCOLM SMITH • CONSULTING EDITOR
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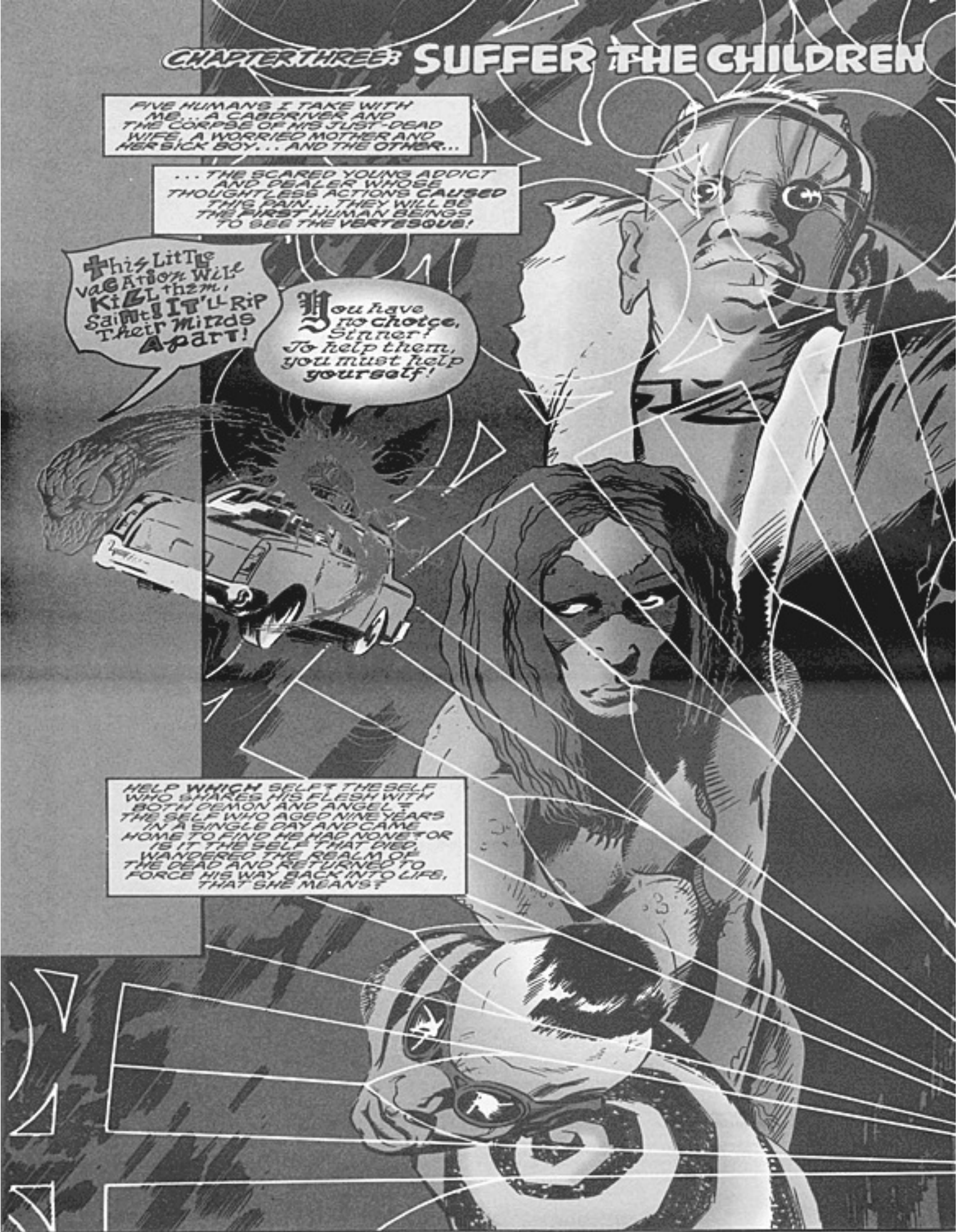

CHAPTER THREE: SUFFER THE CHILDREN
FIVE HUMANS I TAKE WITH ME... A CABDRIVER AND THE CORPSE OF HIS JUST-DEAD WIFE, A WORRIED MOTHER AND HER SICK BOY... AND THE OTHER...
... THE SCARED YOUNG ADDICT AND DEALER WHOSE THOUGHTLESS ACTIONS CAUSED THIS PAIN... THEY WILL BE THE FIRST HUMAN BEINGS TO SEE THE VERTESOVE!
This little vacation will kill them, Saint! It'll rip their minds apart!
You have no choice, Sinner! To help them, you must help yourself!
HELP WHICH SELF? THE SELF WHO SHARES HIS FLESH WITH BOTH DEMON AND ANGEL? THE SELF WHO AGED NINE YEARS IN A SINGLE DAY AND CAME HOME TO FIND HE HAD NONE? OR IS IT THE SELF THAT DIED, WANDERED THE REALM OF THE DEAD AND RETURNED TO FORCE HIS WAY BACK INTO LIFE, THAT SHE MEANS?

UGHHH!
ONLY MOMENTS AGO, THAT LATER SELF CRACKED OPEN THE DYING WAD OF MUSCLE AND PAIN AND, SHOVING MY TWO TORMENTORS ASIDE, TOOK ROUGH POSSESSION OF THIS WALKING CORPSE!
THEN, WEARING MY RECLAIMED BODY, AND FIGHTING IT'S GIFT OF PAIN, I STUMBLED TO THE STREET AND WALKED INTO A CHASE THROUGH TIME.
KA-RAK!
KA-RAK!
GUNSHOTS! A DRUG DEAL GONE SOUR! BUT AS BOTH PERPETRATORS AND PURSUING COPS RAN BY, THEY WERE TRANSFORMED BY SOME FORCE INTO GANGSTERS FROM THE PAST!
HAVING NO STRENGTH TO EXPLORE THIS MYSTERY... AND FEARING THE DEMON WOULD ESCAPE SHOULD I DIE, I TURNED TO LEAVE... TO SEEK A GATE...
HELP ME, SAINT SINNER!
...BUT WAS GRABBED INSTEAD BY THE PRAYER OF A MAN WHOSE WIFE AND BABY HAD BEEN WOUNDED IN THE CROSSFIRE!
I FOLLOW THE PRAYER... WAS PULLED BY IT... ONLY TO FIND AS I REACHED THE CAB, THE MAN'S WIFE DEAD, AND THE CHILD DISAPPEARING BEFORE ME!
I HAD NO CHOICE! I HAD TO TAKE THEM INTO TIMELESSNESS... HEAL MYSELF BEFORE I COULD HELP THEM... TRY TO SAVE THE MAN'S CHILD!
SO, TAKING THE CAMERA FROM THE STORE'S WINDOW, AND TURNING IT TOWARD THE MONITOR, I USED ITS FEEDBACK TO CREATE THE GATE!
Free!
WITH THE RUNESMITH'S POWER, I SHATTERED THE WINDSHIELD! WITH THE CAB AND IT'S PASSENGERS, I LEAPT THROUGH THE GATE!

THROUGH THE GATE...BUT NOT INTO THE VERTEBRALE.
AROUND ME, A WEIGHTLESS VOID, A RIFT BETWEEN DIMENSIONS AND A PLACE I'VE NEVER SEEN. BEFORE ME, A BEING I HAVE SEEN—THE HALF-FACED CHILD FROM THE ECTOSPHERE, WHO ESCORTED MY SPIRIT BACK TO MY FLESH.
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT TH' BABY. I PUT HER HERE SO SHE'S SAFE AN' WON'T DIE. SHE WON'T DIE HERE AND SHE WON'T LIVE, NEITHER. IF SHE'D STAYED ALIVE, SHE WOULDA DIED ALL THE WAY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAY WITH ME, TOO?
TAXI
WHERE ARE WE?
YOU'RE IN THE HOLE THE BABIES TORE WHEN THEY GOT PULLED BACK FROM DEATH BACK TO EARTH.
THE EXTISPHERE DIDN'T LIKE THAT MUCH, SO NOW IT'S PULLIN' BACK. YOU GOT HERE 'CAUSE YOU'RE ALL HALF-DEAD!

YOU'RE HALF DEAD... YOUR CARCASS NEAR STARVED WHILE YOU WERE OFF PLAYIN' GAMES IN THE EXTISPHERE.*
YOU'RE HALF-DEAD FROM GRIEF. YOU'D A'BEEN SURE DEAD BY A MONTH FROM NOW, EVEN IF THE BABIES HADN'T TORE A HOLE IN THE EXTISPHERE.
* ECTOKID AND SAINT SINNER #5.--MARC
YOU'RE ALL EAT-UP BY CANCER. YOU'D BE ALL THE-WAY DEAD, BUT YOU DON'T WANNA BE. YOU WANNA STAY HOME, WITH YOUR MOM!
YOU WANNA BE DEAD, ONLY YOU'RE NOT AN' YOU DON'T REMEMBER 'CAUSE YOU WUZ ONLY A BABY WHEN YOU WOULDA DIED.
YOU... YOU AN' THE OTHERS LIKE YOU. YOU TORE THE EXTISPHERE.
SEE? I KNOW LOTS OF THINGS. YOU'RE ALL HALF-DEAD...ALL BUT TWO. THE REALLY DEAD LADY AND THE MOMMY...
...YOU WANNA LIVE AN' YOU WANT YOUR BOY TO LIVE. YOUR LOVE KEEPS 'EM HERE IN THE WAITING PLACE! ALL OF 'EM! EVERYBODY IN TH' CAR!

AS LONG AS THE MOMA LOVES AN' THE BOY LIVES, YOU CAN ALL STAY HERE.
SOME KINDS OF LOVE KILLS PEOPLE, SOME KEEPS 'EM ALIVE.
LIKE YOU KEPT ME ALIVE! YOU HELPED ME ESCAPE FROM THE ECTOSPHERE, BROUGHT ME BACK TO MY BODY. BUT, WHO AND WHAT ARE YOU?
THE DEAD BOYS CALLED ME CROOKED-FACE HALF-HEAD, AN' MY EYE IS MISSING 'CAUSE IT'S FAR AWAY WATCHING THE SUFFERING OF THE SOULS LOST TO HELL, AN' MY EAR IS MISSING 'CAUSE IT'S LISTENING TO THE VOICES OF THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN...
TAXI
...'AN I REMEMBER THAT I ONCE WAS A HUMAN CHILD.
I remember it all... maybe it was a dream!
HOLD STILL AND LET ME TIE THAT SASH. YOU LOOK LIKE AN ANGEL, SWEETHEART. YOU SHOULD LIVE WITH THE ANGELS!
I remember Daddy in the Mama said I'd go to Heaven!
SUBWAY
THIS LIFE IS HARD, PRECIOUS... TOO HARD FOR THE INNOCENT.

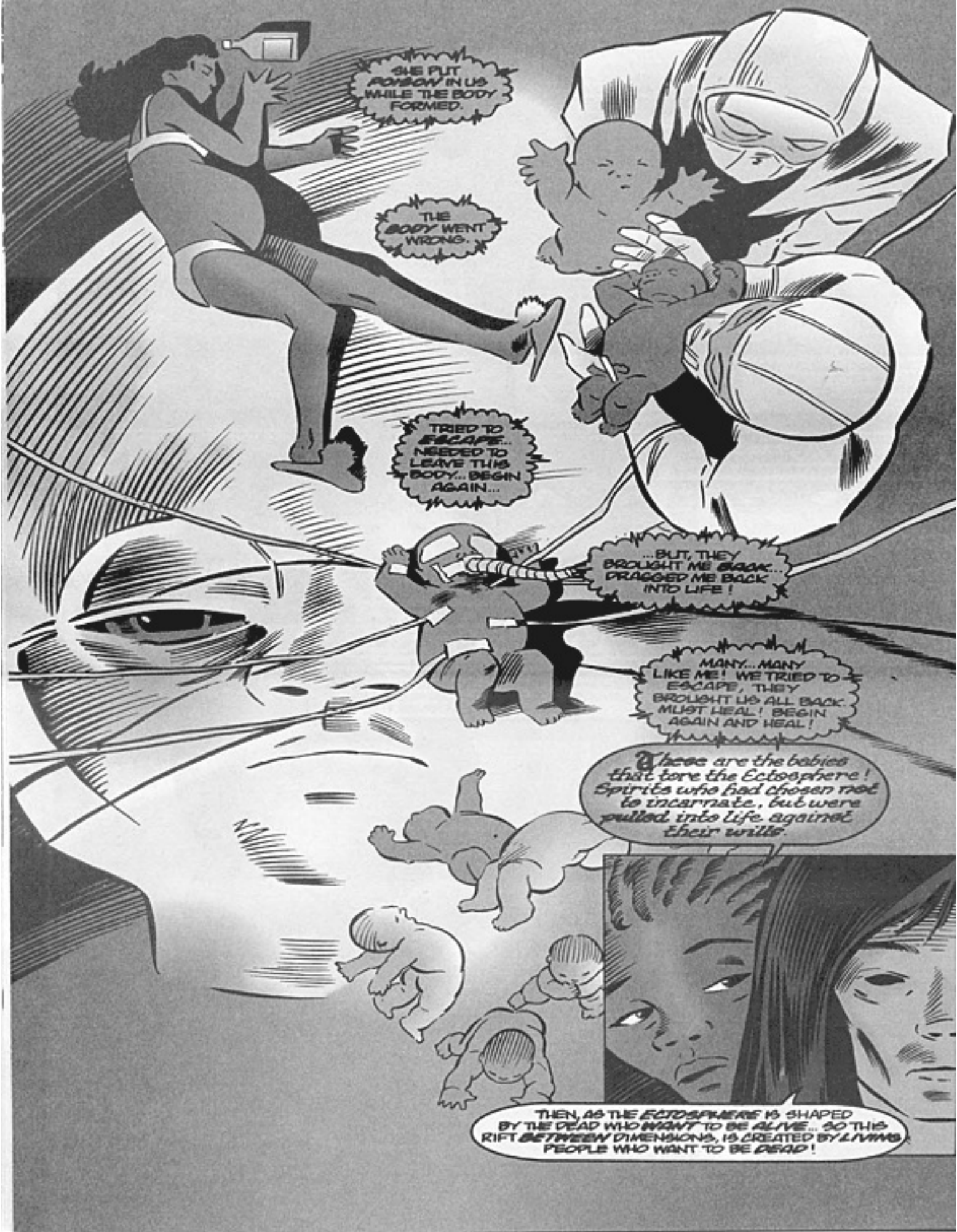
I WISH I COULD GO WITH YOU, PRECIOUS.
WHERE, MAMA? WHERE?
I said that I would go to heaven to be with the angels would take me
This angels had faces as bright as suns!
and they took me,
and the
NOW, I'M WITH THE ANGELS.
NO, CHILD. I'M WITH THE ANGELS! YOU WALK WITH THE SOULS WHO DIED BEFORE THEIR LIVES WERE DONE. BUT I SENSE THAT YOU ARE MORE...MUCH MORE!
BUT, IF YOU'RE DEAD, HOW DID YOU LEAVE THE ECTOSPHERE? AND HOW DID YOU BRING THE BABY TO THIS PLACE?
I FOLLOWED YOU FROM THE EXTRASPHERE, SILLY! AN' THE TEMPUS MAGUS LET ME THROUGH 'CAUSE I'M BORN OF THE EARTH IN THE TIME HE INCARNATES! I FELT THE BABY DYING RIGHT NEXT TO THE MAGUS, SO I REACHED OUT AN' TAKED HER!
THROUGH THE TRANSLUCENT MEMBRANE THAT SEPERATES MY HOMEWORLD FROM THIS VOID...
TEMPUS MAGUS! TAME IMP!
TEMPUS MAGUS! TAME IMP!
...THE STRANGLED VOICE OF KENTO CANTO COMES.

SLOW DOWN, CANTO. THE WARP DISTORTS YOUR SPEECH!
THE TEMPUS MASUS IS A SENTIENT, FOURTH DIMENSIONAL CREATURE! ITS PHYSICAL BEING FINDS EXPRESSION IN TIME RATHER THAN MASS! IT MUST HAVE INFESTED THAT AREA!
THAT'S WHY ONE END OF THE STREET LOOKED ODD! AND, WHY THE POLICE AND THEIR PERPETRATORS CHANGED...
...WHEN THEY WERE SOMEHOW PLUNGED INTO A PAST NEW YORK. *
...THEY WERE WALKING RIGHT INTO THE CREATURE--INTO ITS BODY!
*LAST ISSUE.
PLEASE! PLEASE, SAINT SINNER!

MY DAUGHTER! SHE'S LEAVING AGAIN!
UH-OH...
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE EXTISPHERE'S SENT SOMEBODY TO TAKE HER!
THE CHILD-GIRL'S HOOP... I'VE USED IT BEFORE... USED IT TO ENTER THE DEAD-END STREET, THAT BROUGHT ME BACK TO NEW YORK... BACK TO MY BODY.
NOW, I'LL USE IT AGAIN, TO FOLLOW AND FIND THE INFANT!

BUT THIS TIME, I AM DENIED.
TAXI
HEE HEE HA HA HA-HA-HA!
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE, SILLY! YOU'RE STILL WEARING YOUR SKIN!
UH!
THE HOOP DOESN'T ACCEPT ME. I'D LAST PASSED THROUGH ITS PORTAL AS A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT. TO BE ALLOWED ENTRANCE, WOULD I ONCE AGAIN HAVE TO DIE?
IF YOU WANNA KNOW WHY THINGS HAPPEN HERE, JUST ASK HIM! HE'S THE ONE WHO DID IT!
THE HALF-FACED GIRL SMILES AT THE YOUNG PERPETRATOR. THEY ARE BOTH, IN THEIR OWN WAY, MONSTROUS.
WHY? WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO WITH IT?
AND SHE FALLS EASILY THROUGH THE HOOP, UNENCUMBERED BY A MORTAL FORM.
...I'LL FIND THE BABY!
THAT'S FOR YOU TO FIND OUT...
WHILE I, BOUND BOTH BY FLESH AND REASON, TURN MY ATTENTION TO THE FEARFUL BOY. I NEED ANSWERS.
WHAT? NOT ME! I DUNNO NOTHIN'!

He knows, Sinner. He's just forgetful.
BUT WHAT COULD HE KNOW? HE WAS CHOSEN FOR HIS VERY LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.
LET ME TALK TO HIM, SAINT! WE'LL WRING THE TRUTH FROM THIS WASTE OF LIFE! THEN WE'LL ARRANGE HIM A LIFE SENTENCE IN THE PRIMAL GOOZE!
THESE NEIGHBORHOOD CROOKS OFTEN USE UNDERAGE KIDS AS "SHOOTERS."
THEY'RE DUMB ENOUGH TO DO WHAT THEY'RE TOLD, AND THEY CAN ONLY BE TRIED AS JUVENILES.
Use your power, Sinner! Advance him to a higher form. You may give him access to the full range of his memory.
WHAT COULD HE KNOW OF TIME WARPS AND DIMENSIONAL RIFTS?
GRATEFUL! GRATEFUL! YOU'VE FREED ME!
I DO USE MY POWER...OR IT USES ME! THE LIGHT POURS THROUGH ME INTO THE CRYING BOY... BUT INSTEAD OF SIMPLY ADVANCING TO A HIGHER FORM OF LIFE...
...FLOATING, NEXT TO ME, IN THE VOID, I FIND A MAN-SIZED FETUS! I HAVE I LOST IT? LOST THE TENUOUS GRIP I HAD ON MY POWERS?
MUST HEAL! MUST HEAL! MUST HEAL!
WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT MUST YOU HEAL?


SHE PUT POISON IN US WHILE THE BODY FORMED.
THE BODY WENT WRONG.
TRIED TO ESCAPE... NEEDED TO LEAVE THIS BODY... BEGIN AGAIN...
...BUT, THEY BROUGHT ME BACK... DRAGGED ME BACK INTO LIFE!
MANY... MANY LIKE ME! WE TRIED TO ESCAPE, THEY BROUGHT US ALL BACK. MUST HEAL! BEGIN AGAIN AND HEAL!
These are the babies that tore the Ectosphere! Spirits who had chosen not to incarnate, but were pulled into life against their wills.
THEN, AS THE ECTOSPHERE IS SHAPED BY THE DEAD WHO WANT TO BE ALIVE... SO THIS RIFT BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, IS CREATED BY LIVING PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE DEAD!

CAN'T HEAL! CAN'T HEAL! THE BODY'S GONE TOO WRONG... WRONG FROM THE BEGINNING! NEED TO DIE! NEED TO DIE! FREE THE SPIRIT... START AGAIN!
I FOUND THE OTHER BABY!
THE DEAD LADY TOOK HER. IT WAS EASY; THE EXTISPHERE MIGHTS BABIES 'CAUSE OF ALL THE BABIES THAT WAS STOLE FROM IT!
SEE?
THAT'S MY WIFE!
LOUISA! CAN YOU HEAR ME? MADRE DE DIOS! WHAT IS WRONG WITH MY CHILD?!
I LOOK THROUGH THE HOOP, INTO THE ECTOSPHERE, AND SEE A GHOST HOLDING A LIVING CHILD! THIS BREAKS THE FIRST LAW OF THE REALM OF THE DEAD; NO LIVING NEED APPLY!
CAN YOU GO BACK AND GET THE BABY FOR US?
NO, BILLY, I CAN'T DO THAT! THE EXTISPHERE WANTS IT AN' THE LADY LOVES IT TOO HARD.
NEED TO DIE! NEED TO DIE!
I HAVE AN IDEA...
...A GOOD IDEA. BUT THIS KIND OF ARRANGEMENT REQUIRES COMMENT. FROM MY OPENED PALMS, THE FORCE SURGES... FLOODING INTO AND THROUGH THE FETUS, TRANSFORMING IT, ONCE MORE, INTO A BOY!

I HOLD THE SOBBING BOY IN MY ARMS... HIMSELF AGAIN, AND NOT HIMSELF. HE SEEMS TO HAVE MEMORIES OF ALL THE FETAL CREATURES KNEW.
DO YOU STILL WANT TO ESCAPE, MY FRIEND? START OVER?
YES... PLEASE, YES!
GENTLY... SOFTLY... I, ONCE MORE, FOUR THE LIGHT INTO THE BOY... EASING HIM SLOWLY, SURELY BACK...
...SENDING HIM BACK TO HIS INFANCY... TO THE TIME WHEN HE'D MADE HIS CHOICE TO DIE.
PERHAPS WE COULD ARRANGE A TRADE... EXCHANGE THIS INFANT FOR THE OTHER?
That's it, SAINT! Why not play GOD? We know how well THAT always WORKS!
HERE, GIRL... YOU TAKE HIM! TAKE HIM TO LOUISA AND EXCHANGE HIM FOR THE LIVING CHILD!
I'M DEAD, SILLY! I CAN SHOW THE WAY, BUT I CAN'T CARRY A LIVE THING THROUGH!
I CAN TAKE HIM THROUGH!
I CAN TAKE HIM AND BRING THE OTHER BABY BACK!
THE ECTOSPHERE WANTS ME. LIKE THE CANCER INSIDE ME, I CAN FEEL IT PULLING AT ME, MOM!
YOU'RE NOT GOING IN THERE ALONE!
NO, LADY! THE ECTOSPHERE JUST WANTS THE DEAD! EITHER THEM OR BABIES! NO MOMMIES ALLOWED!

IF THE ECTOSPHERE WANTS BABIES, I COULD ARTHROGRESS. USE MY POWER TO MAKE MYSELF A CHILD...GO WITH THE BOY.
No, Sinner! As you'd grow younger, I would weaken. You'd lose your power to control the Runesmith!
BULL GO! BULL BABY GO WIT BOY!
I'M NOT SURE YOU CAN GO, BULL. YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY A BABY AND YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY HUMAN!
BULL GO!
LET HIM TRY IT, SAINT SINNER! HELP HIM THROUGH THE GATE...
...IF THE VOID YOU'RE IN WILL TAKE HIM...
I REACH BEYOND THE QUIVERING GATE, TO GRASP BULL'S BEEFY HAND.
...PERHAPS THE ECTOSPHERE WILL TAKE HIM, TOO!
ME GO WIT BOY!
WE DO IT. HE'S THROUGH...
...AND JUST AS QUICKLY, GONE... TAKING THE SICK BOY WITH HIM, THROUGH THE HOOP.
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
HHHH

THROUGH THE HOOP... INTO THE ECTOSPHERE—THAT DIMENSION CHARGED BY THE MEMORIES AND UNFULFILLED DESIRES OF THE DEAD, THAT EXISTS IN THE SHADOW OF THIS EARTH.
WHOOOOOOA!
SEE? SEE? BULL'S ARM FUNNY!
THE BABY, TOO! SHE'S ALL WOBBLY!
THAT MEANS WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. THE ECTOSPHERE CAN'T HOLD YOU LONG!
LOOK! THERE SHE IS!
BETTER GO QUICK!
EXCUSE ME... EXCUSE ME, LADY?
a la nanita, nana...
nanita nana... nanita ea...
LEAVE ME!
PLEASE, LADY... YOUR BABY NEEDS A DOCTOR. SHE'S NOT DEAD, SEE? BUT THIS ONE...
Yaghhhhhhh!

...HERE! THIS ONE NEEDS YOU! HE NEEDS TO START OVER AGAIN AND HE NEEDS YOU TO HELP HIM.
THIS ONE IS... NOT... MINE?
NO...NO... THIS IS THE RIGHT ONE.
YES... THIS ONE'S RIGHT... I CAN FEEL IT! THIS ONE NEEDS MY LOVE!

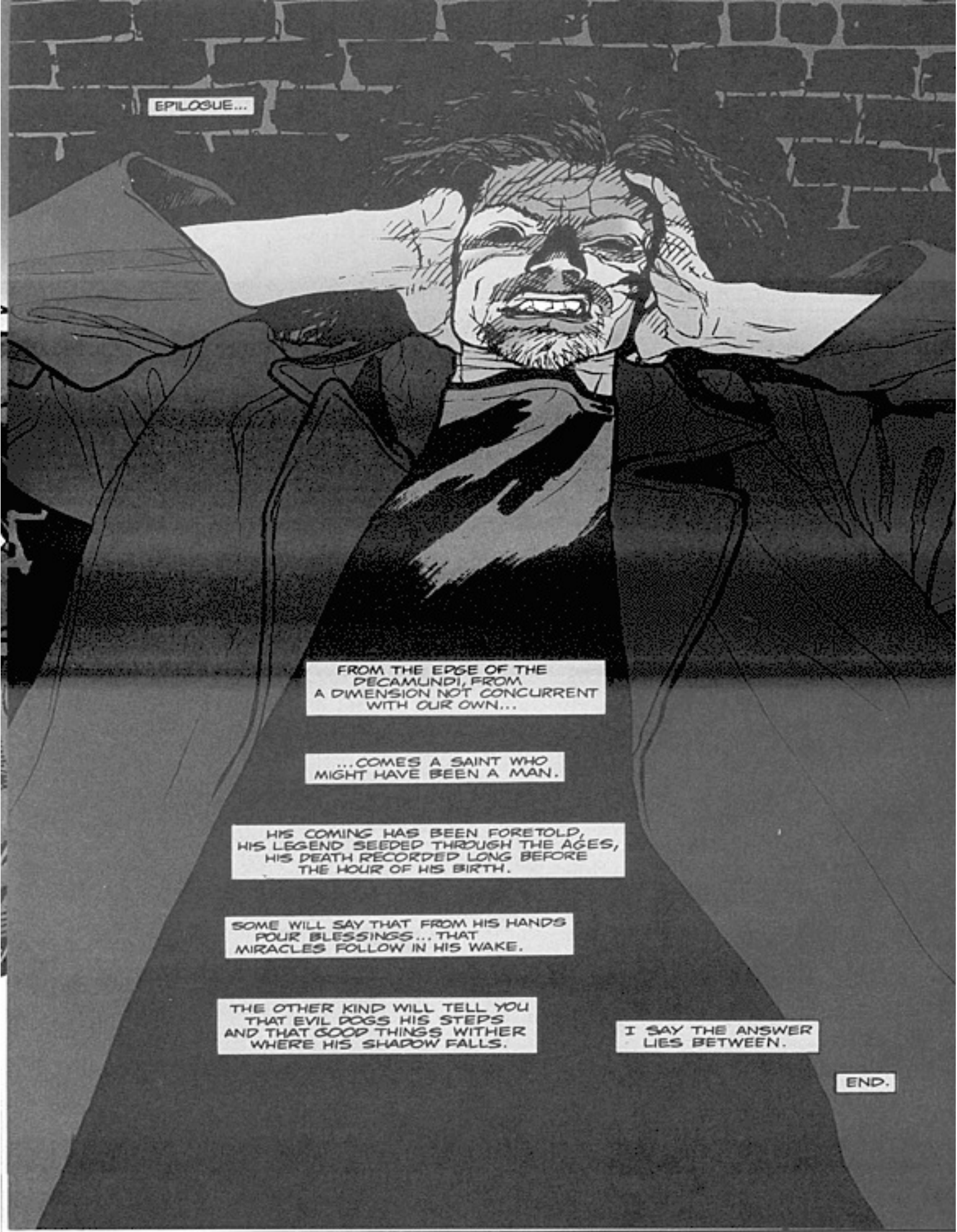
BYE-BYE!
HURRY, NOW! HURRY!
TOMMY! TOMMY, COME BACK TO ME!
YES, TOMMY, QUICK! OR YOU'LL EXPLODE, TOO!

TOMMY!
IT WASN'T SO BAD... IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE, MOM-- EXCEPT THAT YOU WEREN'T THERE.
FOR ONCE, MY GAMBLE PAID OFF. THE BOY HAS FOUND THE BABY AND HAD BEEN ABLE TO RETURN TO LIFE. NOW, WE'D HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY.
THANK YOU! THANK YOU, MY SON! YOU'VE GIVEN ME MY DAUGHTER.
TOMMY? I THINK I CAN HELP YOU... MAKE YOU WELL... IF YOU'LL LET ME?
IS THIS TRUE? CAN I HEAL THE BOY? OR WILL I DAMAGE HIM IN WAYS I CAN'T IMAGINE?
YES. HELP ME. I DON'T WANT TO DIE, YET.
I TAKE A DEEP BREATH. I TOUCH THE BOY AND FEEL HIS SUFFERING, THE SICKNESS, AND THE FEAR. I SEND HIM BACK...
OH, GOD! I REMEMBER! I REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEFORE TOMMY WAS SICK!
...BACK BEFORE THE CANCER CAME.
SO MANY FACTORS CONTRIBUTE TO DISEASE... THE FOOD WE EAT, THE CHEMICALS IN THE AIR WE BREATHE...

...AND, SOME SAY THE VERY THOUGHTS WE THINK... THE IMAGES IN OUR DREAMS AT NIGHT.
I'M NOT QUITE DONE YET.
WHEN I REVERSE THE PROCESS, THE BOY'S BODY AGES WITHOUT THE INFLUENCE OF THESE THINGS. THE CANCER DOES NOT GROW WITH HIM.
THIS TIME, I'VE DONE GOOD. BUT, THERE IS NO TIME TO CONGRATULATE MYSELF.
OH, BABY, YOU'RE HEALTHY AGAIN!
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
BY LEAVING QUICKLY.
QUICKER THAN THAT, SAINT SINNER! THE DIMENSIONAL RIFT IS CLOSE TO IMPLODING!
I HAVE NO POWER TO HEAL BULLET WOUNDS. YOU NEED TO GET THE BABY TO A DOCTOR. HURRY! PUT THE CAB INTO REVERSE...
VROOOOOMMMMM
...YOU WILL RETURN TO THE EXACT TIME AND PLACE FROM WHICH WE FLED!
THANK YOU! THANK YOU, SAINT SINNER!
LIFE IS GOOD. LIFE IS VIOLENCE. WE PRESS TOWARD THE FIRST BREATH AND HEEDLESSLY RIPPING OUR MOTHERS...
CRASH!
...BURST INTO LIFE IN A SPASM OF PAIN AND BLOOD. WE EXIST TO FEED AND TO FEED... WE MUST KILL. LIFE IS VIOLENT...

...AND, IT IS GOOD!
SOME PEOPLE WILL TRY TO TELL YOU THAT NOTHING IS BLACK AND WHITE... THAT THERE ISN'T ALWAYS A CLEAR LINE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!
SALE ON WIDE-SCREEN TELEVISION
ACH! MY WINDOW! YOU DROVE RIGHT THROUGH MY WINDOW!
HELP! HELP US!
TAXI
MOVE! OUT OF THE WAY! EMS!
LOOK, MOMMY, LOOK! LOOK ON THE SCREEN!
SKREE! SKREE! SKREE! SKREE!
HOW'S MY DRIVING? CAL

NO! MY WIFE'S GONE! THE BABY! HELP OUR BABY!
WIDE-SC TELEVIS
NO... WE'RE FINE. WE'RE BOTH FINE.
THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE... EVIL PEOPLE... READY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE LONELY, THE BROKENHEARTED, THE LOST SOULS AMONG US.
MANY OF THE LOST ARE OUR KIDS AND THEY TURN TO MUSIC AND TV AND COMICS FOR ANSWERS.
WHAT KIND OF ANSWERS DO YOU THINK THEY FIND THERE? IS THIS THE FACE OF GOODNESS?
SO WHEN NAIVE PEOPLE TELL YOU THAT THERE ISN'T A CLEAR LINE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL...
"I WANT THE SOULS OF YOUR CHILDREN!"
WIDE-SCR TELEVIS
LOOK, MOMMY! IT'S THE GOOD GUY!
NO, HONEY... THAT'S NOT HIM.
...YOU TELL 'EM YOU'VE JUST LOOKED EVIL IN THE FACE!
WIDE-SCREEN TELEVISION
THIS HAS BEEN A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT PAID FOR BY CITIZENS FOR A CULT-FREE AMERICA!
BLAKE MURCHISON-SMITH
THANK YOU, SAINT SINNER! THANK YOU FOR GIVING MY DAUGHTER BACK TO ME!
M B U L A N C


EPILOGUE...
FROM THE EDGE OF THE DECAMUNDI, FROM A DIMENSION NOT CONCURRENT WITH OUR OWN...
...COMES A SAINT WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MAN.
HIS COMING HAS BEEN FORETOLD, HIS LEGEND SEEDED THROUGH THE AGES, HIS DEATH RECORDED LONG BEFORE THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.
SOME WILL SAY THAT FROM HIS HANDS POUR BLESSINGS... THAT MIRACLES FOLLOW IN HIS WAKE.
THE OTHER KIND WILL TELL YOU THAT EVIL DOGS HIS STEPS AND THAT GOOD THINGS WITHER WHERE HIS SHADOW FALLS.
I SAY THE ANSWER LIES BETWEEN.
END.

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:
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SAINT SINNER

Marc McLaurin

end of an era

The bad news is that there's no easy way to say it: this issue marks, regrettably, the end of the run of Saint Sinner, in this incarnation.

We've been to reading your letters, and basking in your overwhelmingly positive responses, but the economic facts of today's market tell us that we just don't have the number s to keep going. Mark it down to timing, a victim of what's quickly becoming hailed as "the glut of '93." For all of you that wholeheartedly supported this book, who knew a special thing when you saw it, you have our thanks, and hopefully a complete run of one of the most amazing comics ever. Take my advice, and hang onto it.

In my career as an editor, I have never seen the tremendous reader response to a title that we've gotten on Saint Sinner. Unfortunately, in these times, that's not enough to keep a publication alive. But it is enough to tell us we've struck a chord.

not the end, never the end...

So, for those of you who are beginning to feel a little melancholy, take solace. The good news is that, though you've seen the end of this book, you've probably not seen the last of this character. Look for him. If you call him, he will come. But be careful what you pray for...

Dear SAINT SINNER,

I was thinking of a way to tell you what your book SAINT SINNER was like. I had one problem — there are no words that can really describe this book. So I wrote a poem:

In this world, that I dwell
I'm living my own private hell
In a dimension that shouldn't exist
But it's here, in the mist

Time and time again I hear
The noises that cause my fear
Noises that were possibly my friend
Are now bringing me to my end

My sanity is now gone
I'm left on the street, all alone
My two best friends are now dead
Because of the noises in my head

This seems to me, all a dream
But when I notice it's not, I scream
My death, I am now livin'
In this hell, I was given

Inside of me, two souls fight
One trying to set me right
The other, to cause me more grief
By listening to its belief

Inside of me is where they are
My soul is what one tries to scar
Until one becomes the winner
I'll live my life as SAINT SINNER

Josh Guillory
P.O. Box 290
Melville, La 71353

True art sparks life in others, Josh. So it is here with the creation of not one, but two poems! We thought it would be a nice touch on the last letters page of SAINT SINNER to let two people show that while SAINT SINNER may be ending, its influence will not die.

Dear SAINT SINNER,

You had asked for criticism, but I have no complaints. Maybe a little poem will do:

I've seen both worlds
the dark and the light.
I am trapped between both.
it is useless to fight.

One side pulls me
down toward sin,
one pulls me up
to show my face again.

One is most evil
one is full righteous
I'm caught between them
and there is my crisis

They fight each other
for control of my soul.
This battle on me
is taking it's toll

My mind is being torn
to bits and shreds.
At one time I thought
I'd be better off dead.

I want to be good.
But the evil is strong.
When I try I can walk
between right and wrong.

Then I have power
over life and death
I can leap through dimensions
with just a little breath.

Some day I'll be free
Either good or evil
Will be a winner
But until that day
Just call me SAINT SINNER.

Daniel Popps
P.O. box 290
Melville, La 71353

Strong words, Daniel. It seems both you and Josh have picked up on something here. Thanks for taking the time to show us what SAINT SINNER has meant to you.

Dear Saints and Sinners,

You guys are great! I'm so happy now, that I've got something so good to read. My life revolves round reading, so you've all done me a huge favor. I'd never really read comics before; to be honest I'd never even set foot in a comic shop until I heard that Clive Barker was making up new stories for comics. Being a great fan of his I decided to check out the local shop and I'm not disappointed at all.

The artwork is incredible, the coloring is exquisite, the covers and logo are excellent, the lettering beautiful, but the best is the storyline. I've read a load of books in my time, which hasn't even been that long yet, and no novel or short story has ever had such an impact on me like SAINT SINNER. Philip Fetter's story is so good, I could babble for at least two more pages, but don't worry, I won't. Just a little more.

It's great that Philip is a kid. His mind is invaded by an angel and a demon but he seems to be coping well. I mean if anything like that happened to any adult I know, they'd be history.

Philip may look twenty-five now, but he's still a kid. I love this comic. It could go on indefinitely. I hope it does. Thanks for making me happy. Everyone involved with this comic should be proud of themselves.

Michael Boucher
48 Starling Lane
Bradford, Ma 01855

Thanks for writing, Michael. As you know by now, Michael, this is the last issue of SAINT SINNER. We're as sad about the loss as you are, but thank you for letting us know you enjoyed the book.

SAINT SINNER was a great time while it lasted, but now things only get better; we now have the exciting new books to look forward to!

If you're still bummed about the loss of SAINT SINNER, take comfort in this: Philip Fetter is still a big part of the rich landscape Clive Barker created when he gave us the Decamundi. So, with three new books starting this Fall, there's no telling where Philip might turn up. Keep an eye out. You haven't seen the last of SAINT SINNER!

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZOR'S EDGE:

HYPERKIND #8:

Tempest, the Wild Woman of the original Paxis returns—with a vengeance! Can a former super hero function in a world without heroes? And will she be friend or foe to the Hyperkind?

ECTOKID #8 :

Dex acquires the power of possession, to save his mothers life—and accidentally swaps souls with her attacker! It's not pretty—and it may be **permanent!**

HOKUM & HEX #8:

Trip vs. **Bloodshed**, round two! Only one will walk away! (And considering Trip is already half dead, you might not want to place bets on who!)